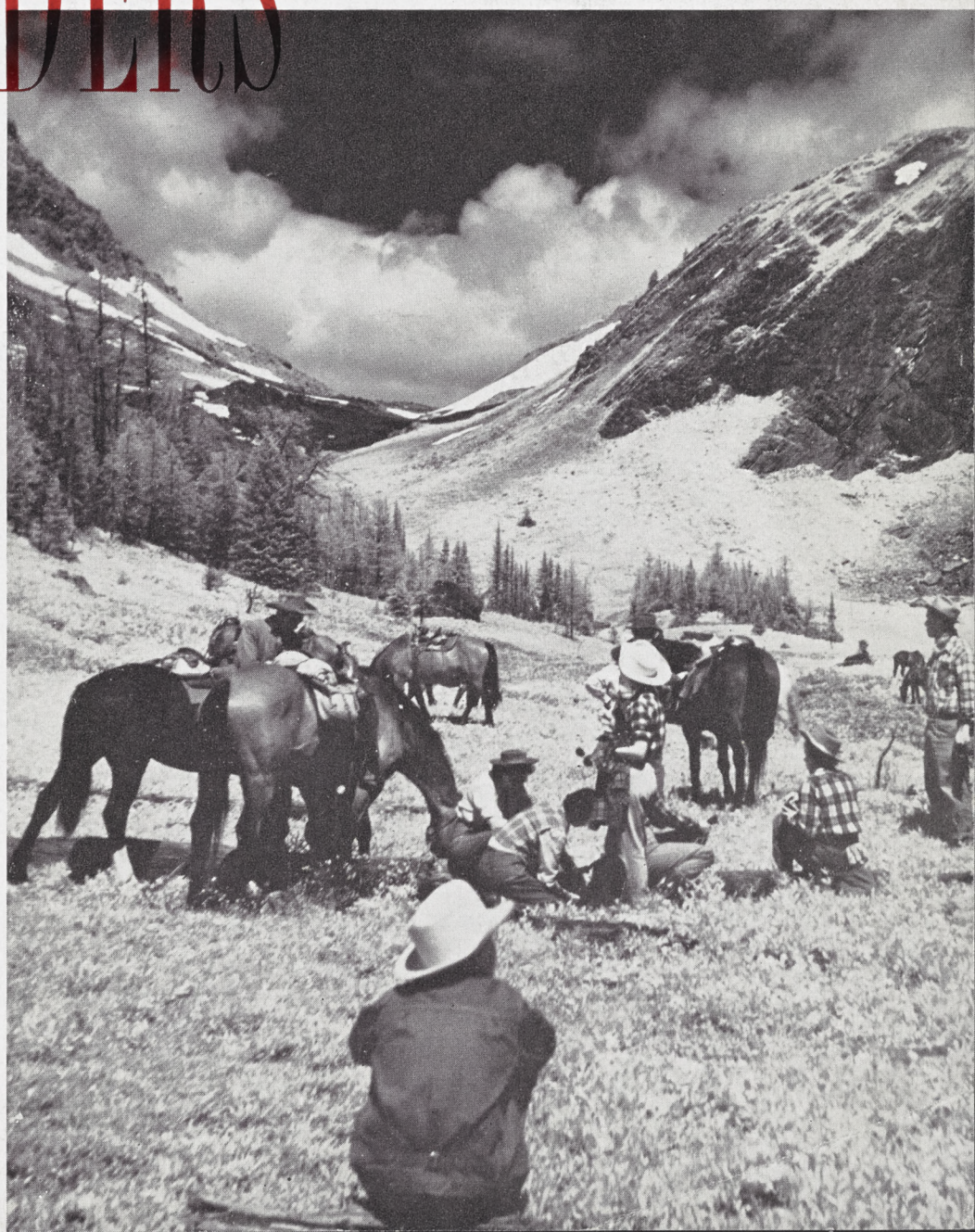


TRAIL RIDERS



No. 94
AUTUMN
1953

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '53 •

First Ride:

AIKENHEAD, Miss Ellen, 89 Clairemont Rd., Belmont, Mass.
AIKENHEAD, Miss Jean, 89 Clairemont Rd., Belmont, Mass.
BARSS, Miss Frances, 9805 — 92nd Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
BENEDICT, Miss Mary, 3209 West Coulter St., Philadelphia 29, Pa.
BENNETT, Miss Merle, Welsh Rd., Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
BLOW, Miss Jane, Banff, Alta.
CLINNIN, Mrs. Winifred, 5214 Village Green, Los Angeles 16, Cal.
FABIAN, Mrs. F. G., 1025 Pine St., Winnetka, Ill.
FERRIS, Mrs. (Ella), P.O. Box No. 755, Eureka, Mont.
FRIES, Miss Naomi, 78 Thornton Rd., Waltham, Mass.
FUNK, Miss Mandy, 417 Walnut St., Jenkintown, Pa.
GWYNN, Mrs. (Edna), P.O. Box No. 72, Eureka, Mont.
HAND, Miss Linda, Terwood Rd., Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
HURLBUT, Miss Patty, 14 Blake St., Belmont, Mass.
JORDAN, Miss Jane, 1871 Old Welsh Rd., Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
KNIGHT, Miss Ethel, P.O. Box No. 148, Banff, Alta.
KUHN, Mr. Dick, Movietone Short Subjects, 460 West 54th St. New York 19, N.Y.
LAIDLAW, Fred L., 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
LAIDLAW, Miss Lois, 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
LAVREAU, Miss June H., 71 Meadowbank Rd., Islington, Toronto 18, Ont.
LEVY, Miss Lynne F., 3250 West Schoolhouse Lane, Philadelphia 44, Pa.
MARTLAND, Miss Pat, 13101 Churchill Cresc., Edmonton, Alta.
MULLER, Miss Gail, 301 Summit Ave., Jenkintown, Pa.
MCGRAW, Miss Mary Louise, The Gill School, Bernardsville, N.J.
MCVAUGH, Miss Chris, Kingsville, Ont.
MCVAUGH, Miss Sally, Kingsville, Ont.
PAINTER, Jack, Movietone Short Subjects, 460 West 54th St., New York 19, N.Y.
POST, John J., Ocean Ave., Long Island, N.Y.
RENWICK, J. F., 9 Dwight Ave., Toronto 14, Ont.
RENWICK, Mrs. J. F., 9 Dwight Ave., Toronto 14, Ont.
ROUTLEDGE, Miss Audrey L., 9850 — 80th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
SABIN, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
SCOTT, Miss Janet, Noble and Pepper Rds., Jenkintown, Pa.
SIMON, Miss Phyllis, 1021 Cypress Ave., Jenkintown, Pa.
STEVENSON, Stanley R., Vida, Ore.
STEVENSON, J., Vida, Ore.
SMITH, Miss Elizabeth G., 121 Township Line, Jenkintown, Pa.
SULLIVAN, Peter F., 1025 Pine St., Winnetka, Ill.
SULLIVAN, Miss Wendy, 1025 Pine St., Winnetka, Ill.
WORRALL, Dr. H. C., 3917 — 3rd Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
YOUNG, Don, Canmore, Alta.

SPREADS THE GOOD WORD**Dr. Vanek Sends Us
Message from Tropics**

★ ★ ★

PLEASE extend our warmest greetings to all our good friends whom we miss so much." This message was received from Dr. H. J. Vanek, of Menomonie, Wis., on behalf of himself and his wife, shortly after their arrival in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, during the latter part of July. Dr. Vanek, who was elected president for the 1952-53



Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Vanek, of Menomonie, Wis., shown atop their respective mounts, "Johnny Walker" and "Springtime". Dr. Vanek, who was elected president for the 1952-53 term, was forced to forego this year's rides due to health reasons.

term, was compelled by reasons of health to relinquish the Rockies this year in favor of the tropics where, we are happy to learn, his health has improved considerably.

"The tropics are delightful," Dr. Vanek writes, "the color, the people and slower tempo most enjoyable . . . The climate with the constant cool trade winds, and the low humidity seem to be the answer to my personal health problem."

We are also pleased to learn that Dr. Vanek is spreading the "good word" where trail riding in the Rockies is concerned. "Perhaps," he writes, "this trip will do the organization more good than my presence on the ride . . . I have talked 'trail ride' on the plane, on the ship and at Porto Rico . . . There are some very interested people."

Dr. Vanek's illness caused considerable disappointment among our members. He had previously completed much preliminary work on behalf of the '53 rides and had sent out numerous letters to likely prospects. He had also explored other avenues with a view to boosting our membership and prestige.

"Trail Riders"

*Official Publication of the Trail Riders
of the Canadian Rockies.*

*Address all Bulletin material to
GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer and Editor
Room 294, Windsor Station
Montreal, Que., Canada*

**A Vote of Thanks
For Frank E. Sabin**

As an expression of our gratitude to Frank E. Sabin, who served as president on both '53 rides, the secretary-treasurer has despatched, along with a letter of appreciation, an all-enamel button, this being done on the recommendation of several members of the executive.

The fact that both rides went off without a hitch was a credit to Frank's organizing ability and his somewhat amazing faculty for getting things done. Nor have any of his predecessors exceeded his popularity as chief exec.

It will be recalled that Frank also served as acting president on one of last year's rides in the unavoidable absence of Jock Smith, our nominal president. Here too his genial personality, sense of humor and general enthusiasm helped maintain the riders' morale at high level.

Frank should also be commended for supplying us with new recruits who this year included Ella Ferris and Edna Gwynn, both of Eureka, Mont., his home town.

We feel that all members will join us in giving Frank a well deserved vote of thanks.

● **THE EDITOR** wishes to thank all concerned for contributions — whether literary or photographic — appearing in this issue of "Trail Riders".

Pictorially, we are indebted to the Alberta Government, for photos by Bill Round and Bill Marsden, among others, while Mary Weekes, Nina LeBoutillier and Jennifer Mitchell have donated the "features".

The Editor hopes you will find the issue of interest. If not, suggestions — whether brickbats or bouquets — will be welcomed.

LIFE MEMBER ARDENT CONSERVATIONIST

Trail Riders Lauded by Willingdon

★ ★ ★

THE APPOINTMENT of the Marquess of Willingdon, president of the Fauna Preservation Society, and Lady Willingdon, as honorary members of the Trail Riders has given further impetus to our cause of wild life conservation—one to which our association has long been dedicated.

Known far and wide for his efforts on behalf of wild life protection at home and

Society during an inspection tour of the National Parks of Cape Province and Natal. In Natal, he was appointed honorary president of the Natal Society for the Preservation of Wild Life and Natural Resorts.

"The outstanding feature there", he mentioned in his report to the Society, "was the helpful co-operation between the wild life societies, the Parks Board, and Government officials. The most pressing problems appeared to be fencing of Addo and its elephants, . . . the saving of the mountain zebra, the oribi, and the white-tailed gnu."

On this side of the ocean Lord Willingdon was favorably impressed by the maintenance of national parks in Canada and the U.S. He emphasized the mass of technical knowledge being collected on all subjects by the rangers, and the manner in which this knowledge was imparted to parks visitors.

"In Canada," Lord Willingdon continued, "I visited both Banff and Jasper National Parks and was made an honorary member of the Trail Riders. I had the pleasure also of meeting that great naturalist, Mr. Dan McCowan, and making two broadcasts on your behalf over the Canadian Radiosystem."

Lord Willingdon has kindly contributed two copies of his Society's journal "Oryx" which contains articles of considerable interest to those actively engaged in wild life conservation. These are on file in the Trail Riders Library.

Lord Willingdon also holds the titles of honorary member of the Wild Life Protection Society of South Africa and honorary trustee of the new Queen Elizabeth National Park in Uganda.



The Marquess of Willingdon, President of the Fauna Preservation Society, and Lady Willingdon, on the terrace of Banff Springs Hotel in the Canadian Rockies.

abroad, Lord Willingdon, found much in common between the aspirations of his own society and the spirit prevailing in the rank and file of the Trail Riders.

Of particular interest to the distinguished visitor was Article 2 of our Constitution which outlines, among other aims of the organization, "the study and conservation of birds, wild animals and alpine flowers, the protection of forests against fire, and our efforts to assist in every way possible to ensure the complete preservation of the National Parks of Canada for the use and enjoyment of the public."

Much of Lord Willingdon's recent work has been connected with conservation measures on behalf of wild game in South Africa, where he recently represented the

● Trail Riders wishing mileage buttons are requested to write the secretary-treasurer stating classification desired. A complete supply is now available at no change in price.

For the benefit of newcomers, these come in screw-cap style for men, and in brooch style for the ladies. Not only does a trail ride button smarten up that lapel, it also helps keep the association in the limelight!

If you have ridden a minimum of 50 miles on specified trails, you are entitled to wear a button. They range in price from \$2.50 to \$6.00, postpaid.

Rides Near Perfect And Here's Why!

THE '53 rides have come and gone.

That both were a resounding success from the word "go" few members will deny. With a maximum of fair weather, congenial companions, memorable menus, and a campsite that left little to be desired, we have no hesitation in nominating the Baker Lake camp as a candidate for top honors in our hall of fame.

But it takes something more than sunshine and scenery to ensure the success of a camp such as ours. And that "something more" is work—the work of surveying the campsite, clearing the trails, cutting tepee poles and firewood, and setting up the tepees, cook tent and assembly tent.

There is also the major task of packing in the equipment and supplies via the hard-working pack train. Included in this equipment are carefully calculated quantities of provisions designed to meet the needs of trail-sharpened appetites. Everything—even the kitchen stove—arrived in camp on horseback.

Another major task for the outfitter is selecting horses to suit the needs of each individual rider. Guided by a special form, outlining the member's riding experience and preferences, the outfitter has horse and saddle earmarked for each dude well in advance of the ride.

Nor does the outfitter's duties diminish with the commencement of the rides. Duffle must be packed into camp well ahead of the dudes, tepees must be in readiness, with firewood and spruce boughs available for each occupant. The "water shelf" must be supplied with basins, hot water within reach, and a three-course dinner ready for serving.

And while we're unpacking our duffle, the boys are busy unsaddling our mounts, stowing away equipment and turning the nags loose for a well-earned "roll" in verdant pastures on surrounding hillsides. They also make arrangements for the important ritual of night-herding.

To the outfitter, packers, cowboys, cooks, and all others contributing to the ride's success, we extend our appreciation for a job well done.

● Did you hear about the trail rider who was so dumb he thought the Gallup Poll was a horse whip?

WANTED!

Full House For '54

With improved camp accommodation—including new tepees—our outfitter will be able to handle as many as 60 to 65 members on each of next year's rides. And since we have always believed in the "more the merrier" when it comes to trail riding, we hope this ceiling will be attained when we head for the high spots.

Perhaps you have a friend or friends who would like to join in the fun. If so, why not pass along the good word and corral another new member in the process? A ride is more fun than ever when you have a pal or two from your home town along.

If you have someone in mind, the secretary-treasurer will be pleased to receive his or her name and address. The prospective member will receive by return mail a personal letter, a current edition of "Riding High", the folder that tells all, a complimentary, illustrated trail map and a copy of the latest Bulletin.

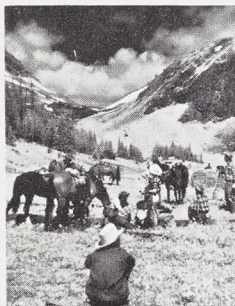
Let's go all out to book the '54 rides to capacity. There should be no excuse for empty saddles in the old corral.



Never a dull moment for trail riders! Trails follow an ever-changing pattern—over alpine meadow, through evergreen forest, across swift-flowing waters, and with ups and downs all the way. Here sure-footed cayuses negotiate a steep section of open trail.

OUR COVER

● This scene would be easier to take if trail ride days were just around the corner. However, the calendar says "No." So we'll have to be content with saddling up our imagination and riding the memory trails.



Photo, taken by Carol Zellmer, of Milwaukee, Wis., shows riders and horses taking time out for refreshments

on a ride of recent years. We recognize outfitter Bud Brewster at left with his back to the evergreens.

It will be noted that photo was taken at timberline where larches meet rock and shale. In these areas the alpine meadows are pin-pointed with a multitude of alpine flowers, many of which are unknown closer to sea level.

The photo was submitted originally by Miss Zellmer as a candidate for the Townsend Trophy. Winner or not, it makes an ideal cover, we think, for this new Bulletin.

Trail Ride Diplomas To Have New Look

A "new look" will feature the 1954 debut of our Life Membership Certificate.

The 5" x 7" etching surmounting the certificate of bygone years will be replaced by a larger reproduction—8" x 10" in area—in all future issues. This, we feel—and so does artist R. H. "Pal" Palenske, of Woodstock, Ill.—will provide a more fitting memento for those aspiring to life membership, which is open to all members with an accumulated mileage of 500 miles and upwards on our specified trails.

Mr. Palenske, a veteran member of the Association, whose superb etchings of cowboys, saddle horses, pack horses, camplife and mountain scenery, have appeared in past issues of "Trail Riders" magazine, is commencing work on the new design in the near future.

A reproduction of the new certificate, including the revised pictorial accompaniment, will appear in an early edition of the Bulletin, along with full details of eligibility. Several members who have already taken out life membership will be the first to receive the handsome new certificates which are just right for framing.

Cost of the new certificate will remain unchanged.

In addition to receiving the diploma, the holder will be exempted from all further financial assessments, except those directly connected with the annual rides and the cost of buttons.



Twilight on the Trail—Alvin Gwyn and Lorne "Shorty" Moore kindle a campfire as they go about their job of night herding during the ride of '49. Night herding is one of the vital, yet unsung, duties performed by guides while the dudes sleep.

THEY ALL TAKE NICE PICTURES



Ferroplate used as mirror by Fred Laidlaw, of Vancouver, for quick shave is no reflection on Fred's camera technique—just on his five-o'clock shadow. However, with a few deft strokes of the blade, this should vanish as quickly as early morning ice on a trail rider's wash basin.



Another knight of the lens and shutter, Bill Round shows how not to sip tea while in Aunt Agatha's living room. However, when it's good old aqua pura from a glacial stream, trail riders can make their own rules, says Bill. And just to prove it, he does.



It's stylish to roll your own on the trail ride. So says cameraman Bill Marsden, of Edmonton, as he shakes the pulverized leaf into prepared white wrapper. A lensmaster of no mean ability, Bill was missed by colleagues on this year's rides.



Little Jackie Richards takes a nice picture too—as can be seen from photo above. The daughter of Esther and Audley, our cook-tent duo of '52, Jackie shows the correct way to pare a spud (or maybe it's an apple) for a trail rider menu.

COLONEL PEPPERPOT NOSTALGIC FOR TRAILS

A Southern Gentleman

by MARY WEEKES

"TOLERATION, boy, I see General Saltpeter approachin' by the East avenue"
 "Yes, suh! He's a ridin' that Hibiscus lak the devil hisself

is chasin' him."

"Move your ossified bones, boy, and set forth my writin' paraphernalia."

"Landy sakes, Colonel, suh, what kind of ale you all a-talkin' about. Does you mean pale ale?"

"Hush your foolish ravin' about ale, boy, and set the Pembroke table by me and fetch my writin' quills, then fix a jug of fresh mint julep against the General's prostration this hot and pleasant mornin'."

"Suh, does you mean the ole General is full of flusteration? Since you been a-writin' and usin' them words 'flusteration' and 'paranelia' that I ain't heard round this plantation nowhere, I'se just full of miseration myself."

"Boy, at times I crave for the ancient floggin' days! Get your lazy hands into sudden operation and stand by to unload the General's gouty legs and take his steed"

"That demon-beast Hibiscus ate the head-cap off the General's colored boy . . . Oh, don't lift your hand, Colonel. I knows

my duty. I'se ready to stand by your guns and that man-eatin' satan, Hibiscus, that's waitin' to liquify me."

"Good mornin' General Saltpeter, suh! I'm mighty glad you ambled along this-a-way to honor me with a visit. Your arrival, suh, fills me with nostalgia for the days of our youth and exuberance — the great days when southern gentlemen foregathered at the plantations for business discussions and er, socialability . . . Toleration, boy, close your gaping mouth and tie the General's horse to the hitchin' ring!"

"Nos-ta-gia, General, suh, is that some disease strikin' against white and colored folks alike, or some of them exalted words you'all are writin' and a-flingin' in the face of destruction . . . Yes, suh, I'se a-goin to be et alive by the General's Hibiscus."

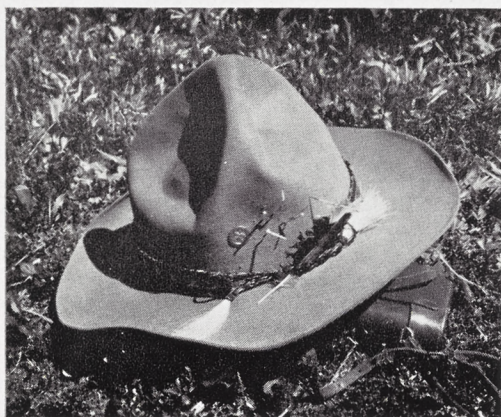
"Colonel Pepperpot, suh, I crave to object to your remark about amblin' as a reflection on spirited horseflesh. Your alliance, suh, with Rocky Mountain Trail Riders and Canadian dude horses is, I fear, a-weakenin' your allegiance to the Deep South."

"General Saltpeter, suh, I crave your indulgence and respect your noble sentiments as an officer and gentleman. As you see, suh, I am engaged in a literary project and my emotions are mightily stirred," said Colonel Pepperpot, touching the papers on

Never in his wildest dreams did Colonel Pepperpot (see accompanying article) encounter so formidable a trio as that pictured at right. The trail riders did, however, and on last year's trip. The mustachioed cavaliers are, believe it or not, left to right: Bill Round, Fred Laidlaw and Charlie Beil.



Writes His Memoirs



No, this isn't the Colonel's hat, either. It belongs to Marshall Diverty. If you've lost it, Marsh, here's hoping this photo will lead you right to it.

the Pembroke table that Toleration had placed beside him. "I am a-settin down my reminiscences of my ridin' days in the Canadian Rockies. I sit here under my palmetto tree, suh, and with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, hear,

"the roar of rivers where the rapids foam and tear,
smell the virgin upland with its balsam-laden air,
dream that I am riding down the winding woody vale,
with the packer and the pack-horse on the (Rocky Mountain) trail."

"Laudy, Colonel Pepperpot, suh, I sure am the most befuddled boy on this whole plantation."

"Toleration, take your saucy tongue beyond reach and fill the General's glass. A draught of mint julep, suh, or a dram of spirit-lifting beverage? and, the latter! Toleration, fetch a decanter of that vintage that been agin' since the days of George Washington."

"Colonel Pepperpot, suh," said General Saltpeter, lifting a rheumatic leg and placing it on a hassock, "I appreciate your warm and vivifying hospitality. However, suh, I don't follow your discourse on er-lite-rature . . . May I enquire with the reservations of a gentleman, if you all aim at puttin' down your memoirs for posterity, includin' your hi-jinks in those far-off Canadian mountains?"

"Jest so, General Saltpeter! a-scalin' and a-ridin' the breath-takin' trails up Mount

Assiniboine that towers 11,870 feet in the air and a-ridin' through passes that no man's feet has trod and a-campin' at night on lonely and high slopes, suh, is mighty overpowerin' and, cravin' your pardon, not hi-jinks!"

"Colonel, suh, my abject apologies. Far be it from me to offer insult to a travelled gentleman such as yourself, but my curiosity about your preambulations is unbounded and explains my far-ridin' journey here today."

"Say no more, General Saltpeter."

"Excuse me Colonel, suh, does the General all mean you was pushin' a pramlator — a baby kerrige — in that pile-o'-rocks youse explainin' about? I'se all commotion inside and I fear that ole black mammy in de swamp has been a-wishin' those bribalations on your person."

"Toleration, banish your presence from my view and go fetch the General's horse a pail of water."

"Colonel, suh, must I take the bridle off that black beast and get myself all chewed to destruction so you won't have no boy to fix your memorials you all so fret up about . . . Yes, suh! I'se a-goin' to my certain death."

"I take it suh, that you weren't a-ridin' those ornery dude range horses and a-climin' those peaks and passes and stone walls and such antics as you are a-settin' down for posterity. No southern gentleman, if you'll pardon my acrimonious view, bred in the

(Continued on page 30)

OPERATION "X"



Bill Round, photographer turned surgeon, gives exhibition of operating prowess before admiring eyes of impromptu aide. As a tribute to the medical profession, patient has been deleted.

RIDING UP BY JOHNSTONE CREEK

Words by John Murray Gibbon

Tune-Dvorak's Humoreske



Rid - ing up by Johnstone Creek and back of Eis - en - how - er Mount - ain

Through the Rock - y Can - yon trails we go Lakes are ne - ver far to seek and

falls there are in rush - ing fount - ain Fed from lofty peaks of snow

On goes the Trail Ride till by the Campsite Teepees we find for welcome rest Now the

Cookie is calling Supper is ready, Come and get it, All is of the

ve - ry best! None his appet - ite is hiding After such a day of rid - ing

Soup is hot and fish is on the pan Ev - rything that is nutri - cious

Tea and coffee so de - li - cious Juicy pears and apples from the can

Then around the Campfire we lie reclining filling out the evening with talk and song

In the Trail Ride Choruses All to - ge - ther Joining For its to the Trail Ride we

all be - long so we greet the nightfall with ever de - lightful melody

Till the moon above us shining Joins our company Till the moon above us shining

Joins us in our sing - ing Till the moon a - bove shining joins in our song

• Song reprinted above has special significance for trail riders. It represents the last parody written for our campfire song-sheet by the late Dr. John Murray Gibbon, founder and former secretary-treasurer of the association. Lyrics are based on Johnstone Creek and Mount Eisenhower where we camped in 1951. The words are wedded nicely to the melody of Dvorak's "Humoresque."

Guide and "Stoneys" Reviewed by Royalty



A popular trail ride guide and two Stoney Indian families from Morley, Alta., were accorded an impromptu "review" by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, on the grounds of Admiralty House in Chatham, Kent, England. It happened when Jerry Campbell, with Eli Rider and Hanson Bearspaw and their families, were appearing overseas with Billy Smart's New World circus. They were in Chatham when the Duke was there to dedicate a war memorial. The Duke recognized the Indians from his Canadian visit in 1951. Jerry, who now resides in Penticton, was in charge of the Stoneys at the circus which gave performances in many parts of Great Britain.

Assiniboine Is Likely Choice

FOR NEXT YEAR'S TRAIL RIDES

Where do we ride next summer?

Though next summer is a long way off, this top priority question has already been given considerable thought and the answer-boys are expected to come through with the verdict at any time.

The subject came under discussion at this year's annual meeting when several members of the council had the opportunity of airing their views on the subject. Both Claude and Bud Brewster were also on hand to state the outfitter's side—an important one in coming to decisions of this nature.

Though several campsites were discussed, one suggested objective for 1954 was way out in front in the popularity polls. This was none other than our old friend, Mount Assiniboine, 11,870-foot "Matterhorn of the Rockies", 22 miles from Sunshine Lodge, south of Banff.

Though not yet formally ratified by the Trail Committee, the Assiniboine area, tried and found perfect by riders in other years, might well win the final nod of approval.

The focal point for miles of upland trails, the massive pyramid also points the way to alpine tarns, just right for the ever-present angler, while the peak itself is a perfect target for the photographer.

Another point in Assiniboine's favor is its status with the outfitter. It passes all tests for pasturage, tepee pole requirements, water, and other incidentals necessary for any successful campsite.

Wolverine Plateau in Kootenay National Park also aroused interest among some members of the committee. This, many of us will recall, was the campsite originally planned for the Trail Riders in 1951, but abandoned later because of unusually heavy snows and deadfall.

It has been suggested, however, that advance work on these trails might make the trip worthy of consideration again this year. It will be recalled that it was in this region that the Association came into being in 1923.



Outward bound on the trail—a file of trail riders turns its back on Tepee Town. It will be their last glimpse of the camp until sundown when the cavalcade returns for supper and campfire sing-song. They will lunch picnic-style on the trail.



Above photo was snapped by Kay McVeigh as a striking memento of the trail of '51. Note the snow patches surrounding the trails which in this area are well above timberline.

OTHER OFFICERS NAMED

Charlie Dunn Wins Presidential Vote

★ ★ ★

CHARLES M. Dunn, of Regina, Sask., was elected president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies at the association's 30th annual meeting which climaxed two of the most successful rides in our recent history.

A vice-president and highly popular member for a number of years, Charlie was appointed unanimously to succeed Frank E. Sabin, of Eureka, Mont., as chief executive of the association whose president alternates each year between a Canadian and an American member.

Mr. Sabin accepted the presidency this year in the absence of Dr. H. J. Vanek, who due to ill health was unable to attend the rides. Charlie too was absent from our '53 lineup, but not because of illness. As treasurer for the Liberal Party of Saskatchewan, and with elections just around the corner, Charlie was too busy at the time.

Next year, says our president-elect, things will be different. He fully intends to be in the lineup when the big day rolls around—and that big day, as we all know, is July 16.

Succeeding Mr. Dunn as a vice-president is Charlie Douglas, of Calgary, who with his wife Nan, has been a regular member of the cavalcade for several years back. Both Mr. and Mrs. Douglas wear the gold button for 500 miles and upwards on Rocky Mountain trails.

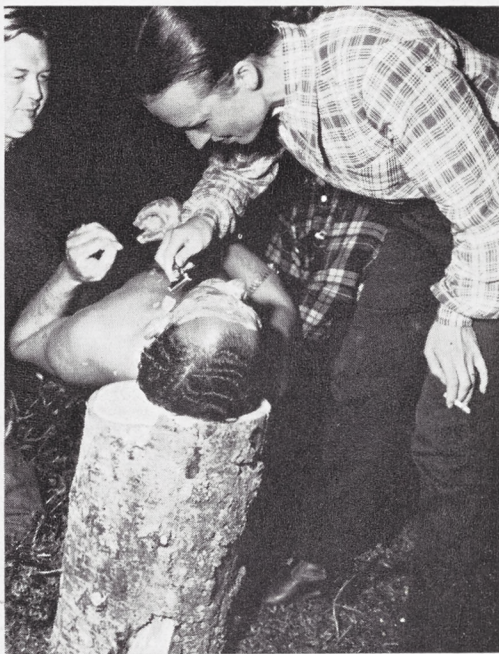
And now let's take a look at the new councillors. From Eureka, Mont., hometown of Past President Frank Sabin, we selected Ella Ferris, with Nancy Reeves, of Southampton, Pa., Dr. Dorothy I. Muirhead, of Hastings, Minn., Fred L. Laidlaw, of Vancouver, B.C., and Dr. Harry Osborne, of Calgary, completing the council slate.

Two new names also appear on the executive committee. These include Miss Elizabeth G. (Lib) Smith, of Jenkintown, Pa., who for each of the past four years has brought along a party of teen-age girls to liven things up on the five-day ride; and B. I. M. (Bim) Strong, superintendent of Banff National Park, through whose co-operation we were able to make use of the trails.

Herb Ashley, Chief Warden of Banff National Park, was appointed to the trail and the membership committees.



A.W.O.L. on this year's ride was Dr. Ed J. McCracken, of Montreal, shown here puzzling over last year's duffel. Ed was particularly missed at Stunt Nite where his skits have frequently had the audience "rolling in the aisles." As for his absence, we have yet to hear Ed's story. But it had better be good.



Two more absentees from Camp Baker are seen here in this somewhat unusual camp scene. Popular Sid Gelfand, one of our leading trail medicos, may have found outdoors shaving too rugged—even though Rene Gouldie seems to be doing a nice job with the blade and lather. Maybe it's that glacial water.

"WHOA BUTTERCUP!" HAD NO EFFECT

Mrs. Quigleberry Picks a Horse

★ ★ ★
by JENNIFER MITCHELL

MRS. QUIGLEBERRY put down the letter from the secretary of the Trail Riders, stuffed her size 7 feet into her size 6 shoes and said to her husband Lucius J. P. Quigleberry of the Quigleberry Foundation and Girdle Co., "I'm going over to the corral, I really think I should use the next few days getting some experience if I'm going on the trail ride."

Lucius J. P. grunted and rattled the paper to signify that this latest bit of intelligence had reached him. Mrs. Quigleberry went down the hall to the elevator, across the lobby of the hotel, out through the grounds and over the bridge to the corral.

For Mac, Hank and Darn Tootin', sitting on the rail of the corral glumly looking into space, the afternoon had been a long, hot, slow one, until half an hour ago that is, when suddenly a whole bunch of dudes had descended on them. This meant the boys would be having a late supper again.

Darn Tootin' moved his wad of 'baccy and voiced the thoughts of all three "Them dang dudes, they always decide to go riding at chow time." Mac who rarely made much comment about anything, got down off the rail, picked up a switch off the ground and started to peel the bark. Hank appeared not even to have heard. Buttercup, however, tethered on the other side of the corral turned and looked sympathetically at Darn Tootin', and swished her tail to scatter a swarm of approaching flies.

Boys had no warning

So it was that the boys had no warning of Mrs. Quigleberry until they were suddenly confronted with the large Wagnerian figure, gazing hopefully at Buttercup. (Mrs. "Q" in her youth, before Quigleberry girdles came into her life, had sung in opera and had never lost the "Brunhilde" look).

Buttercup, feeling Mrs. Quigleberry's eyes upon her, shifted nervously and stared right back. Her fate was sealed for Mrs. Quigleberry had taken a great liking to her. "I would like to ride that dear little horse to-morrow; could I have him at 7 o'clock in the morning?"

"Well ma'am", said Mac, "I wouldn't advise Buttercup; she's kind of hard to handle. We have some other horses which would be far more-er-suitable. Mrs. Quigle-



Not even this would have surprised Mac

berry met the opposition as she met all opposition — she simply swept it aside. "No", she said, "I don't want any other horse, I like that one."

"Well," Mac conceded, "if you insist ma'am I think I'd better have one of the boys come out with you, Buttercup ain't been broken long and she's kind of difficult if she get in one of her moods."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Quigleberry moving over to Buttercup and patting her, "you see we are old friends already. Besides, I'm only going for a short little ride, just to get the feel of the saddle. I can quite well manage by myself. So that's all settled, I'll be here at seven."

Further argument was stalled by the dudes returning from their late ride, Mac and the boys got busy. Mrs. Quigleberry returned to the hotel to try on the outfit which she had been assured by a salesgirl, madly in love with Roy Rogers, was the correct "wild and woolley" dress for trail rides.

"What are you going to do about that Mrs. Quigleberry," Hank asked Mac in the bunkhouse that night.

"Guess if she's determined to go, she'll go, ain't nothing I can do about it." Darn Tootin' looked up from the magazine he was reading and said, "Ain't no problem; it's gonna rain, I can feel it coming."

As usual Darn Tootin' was wrong. The next day dawned fine. As Mac saddled

Buttercup, he could sense she was rearing to go, "Now look," he said, "you behave yourself." Buttercup rubbed against Mac's shoulder to show that even if she didn't intend to, she understood. There was a gleam in her eyes which almost looked mischievous as Mrs. Quigleberry rounded the corner at 7.20 a.m., slightly out of breath, wearing a 10-gallon white hat.

"Well here I am," she said announcing the obvious. Mac made one last bid. "I still think you should have another horse ma'am. If you insist on taking Buttercup out, without one of the boys going along, I'm afraid we won't be responsible if anything happens."

"Good gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Quigleberry, "what a fusspot! I'm just going for a nice ride round the lake. Anyone would think I was going to blaze a trail."

Mac merely said "O.K.". Mrs. Quigleberry wasn't quite sure how one got on a horse, but with Mac holding the stirrup, she put the right foot in the right place and with a tremendous heave, landed on Buttercup's back. "I'm off," she said as Buttercup started to move at a sedate walk.

Mrs. Quigleberry *had* intended to go round the lake, but Buttercup suddenly decided to take the Paradise Valley trail, which veered off to the right. Mrs. Quigleberry was taken by surprise and Buttercup was well along the trail before she could do anything. As it happened she found that she couldn't do anything anyway, because

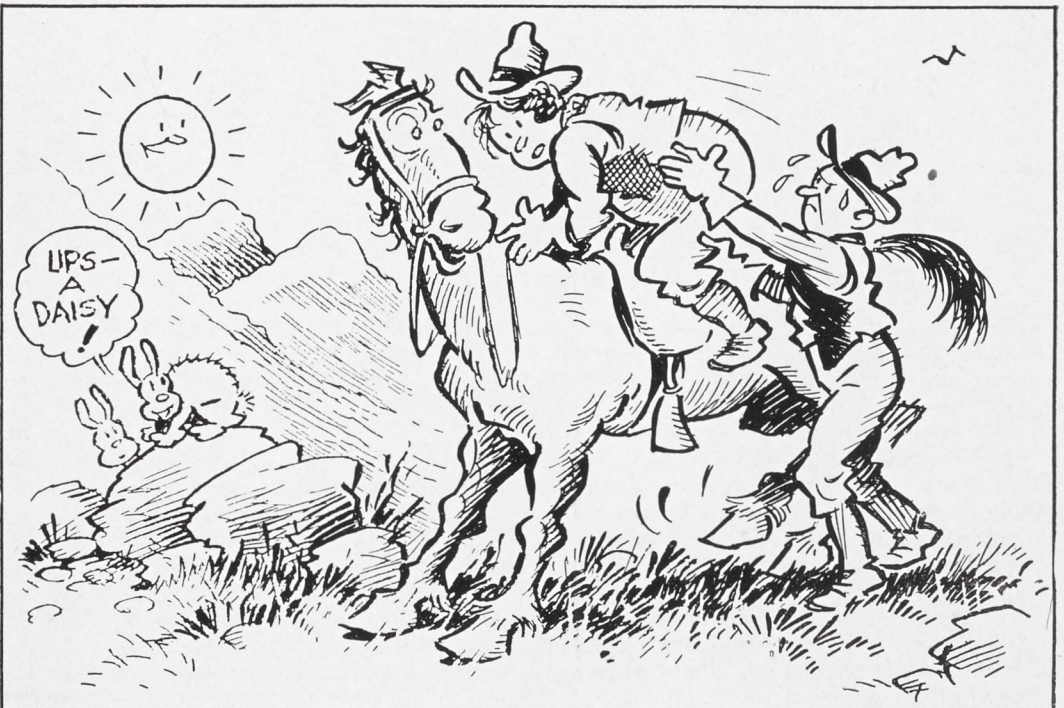
when she said "Whoa Buttercup!" and flapped the reins, Buttercup responded by increasing her pace. "Oh!" squeaked Mrs. Quigleberry, "Oh" as she met the impact of the saddle. Buttercup decided to walk again and the spine-shaking stopped. So Mrs. Quigleberry decided to let well enough alone and enjoy the scenery. After all it really didn't matter where she went and she had always prided herself on being easy to get along with.

The trail now rose sharply. Buttercup was enjoying herself. Her ancestors had come along this way, bearing Indians with brown painted bodies and she knew the trail levelled off and it was easy going. She also knew who was being led and who was not being led. So straining forward and firmly laying back her ears, she breathed in the cool green morning freshness of the forest.

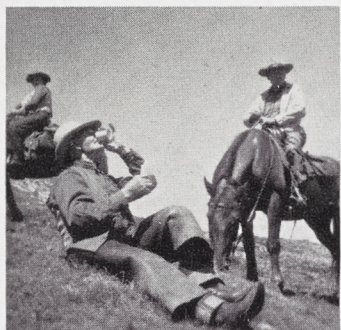
In the meantime Mrs. Quigleberry had found that by pulling on the reins to the left or right, one could make a horse move in that direction. Buttercup, however, was being amiable, and Mrs. Quigleberry didn't realize just how much so, until about 2 hours later she looked at her watch and discovered how late it was getting.

Mrs. Quigleberry began to get alarmed and wondered what she should do. She remembered once seeing Gary Cooper in "Tall in the Saddle" catching the overhanging branch of a tree and getting off a fast moving horse that way. There were,

(Continued on page 17)



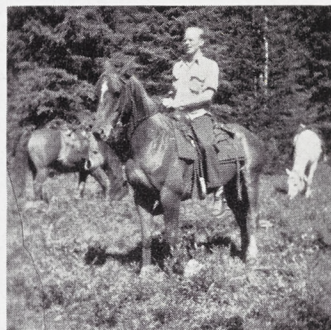
RECORD OF A RIDE — BY HALIN



Cool, clear water.



Musician and M.C.



Halin and horse.



Lunch on trail.



Washing up.



Camp chores.



On the march.



Watering place.



No age limit.

● Pictorial record of the '52 ride shown above was captured for posterity—and the Bulletin—by an enthusiastic young man from Paris, to wit, Ray Halin.

Ray is a man of varied talents. In addition to photography, he specializes in writing, entertainment in the Chevalier style, and public relations. He is also a veteran of the French Army.

A former singer at Bal Tabourin in Paris, Ray came to Canada to write articles for Documents et Reportage Internationaux of Paris, both in this country and in Alaska. While in Vancouver his singing past caught up with him, however, and he was invited to do a stint in a night club there.

Halin was billed as "Maurice Chevalier Relived"—Direct from leading Paris night clubs."

Scenes above are just a fraction of many taken by Halin. Those who attended that year's ride will have no difficulty recognizing some of the principal personalities. They include Clarence Richards, June Lavereau, and way down in the southeast corner, one of our junior cavaliers.

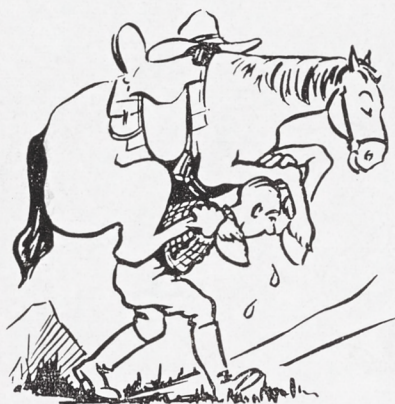
MRS. QUIGLEBERRY

(Continued from page 15)

however, no trees in sight, and besides Mrs. Quigleberry didn't feel as sure of herself as Gary Cooper.

"I must keep calm" she thought, hanging on to the pommel as Buttercup increased her pace to an alarming trot. "After all, Buttercup must stop sometime!"

The trail ahead divided near a large sign but Mrs. Quigleberry didn't have time to read it all as they passed. Only the words "to Paradise" stood out.



It could have ended like this!

The trail went steeply downhill and Mrs. Quigleberry had the feeling she was going to fall through Buttercup's ears. At the bottom of the decline there was a shallow but nevertheless foaming mass of water. Buttercup plunged right through. Mrs. Quigleberry let out a shriek, let go the reins, grabbed a handful of Buttercup's mane in one hand and the pommel in the other. Mercifully the 10-gallon hat suddenly fell down over her eyes, for the stream they had just passed through, proved to be a mere side channel of the river which now confronted them.

Mrs. Quigleberry had glimpses of swirling, giddy masses, and she could feel Buttercup's muscles strain. She also felt the icy water run over the top and into her boots. "Oh Lucius," she moaned, "Oh Buttercup, Oh Lawdy."

To Buttercup the experience was neither terrible nor frightening, and as she reached the bank, she paused for a moment. It would have been Mrs. Quigleberry's chance to get off but the terrified woman could only use one hand to lift the \$15.00 Western Special from her eyes and for the first time really saw the valley.

It was completely surrounded by high glacier-packed peaks. Mrs. Quigleberry was not enjoying the scenery. She was looking straight ahead where the shoulder of a mountain had collapsed many thousands of years ago, filling the valley and making a high almost impregnable pass — and it was toward this Buttercup was heading.

Mrs. Quigleberry was too paralyzed to do anything. The end had come. Buttercup started to scramble up — slipping, sliding and straining every muscle. The nightmare increased with the sound of sliding shale. Rocks over which they passed started to roll. To Buttercup, forgetting the weight on her back, the feel of the hated saddle and the harness, *this* was living. She and her mother had scrambled side by side over passes like this in search of better pastures. The wind came over the pass and its lonely wail to Buttercup was the call of the wild. As the height increased they passed snow patches, until at last they were at the summit.

Beneath them lay another valley, quiet, green and lush. The south side of the pass was fertile. Large grass patches gave way to the shale and snow of the side they had come up and Buttercup, as though she suddenly realized her responsibility to the unhappy human on her back, started to descend. They could see from the top of the pass a thin curl of smoke coming up from a cabin and it was towards this that Buttercup headed.

It turned out to be the Ranger's cabin. He heard the sound of hooves, went out to meet his visitor, and saw a wildy dishevelled woman, her long hair falling down her back aboard and a little tough mountain pony. Later when he got the story piece by piece he phoned Mac back at the stable.

Mac's anxious voice came over the phone: "Thank heaven she's safe; we were just rounding up some of the boys to look for her. But how in the Sam Hill did she get to you."

"Come over Desolation Pass."

"That's impossible" said Mac whose relief was coupled with incredulity. "Desolation Pass, that's impossible! — only Indians ever went over that way."

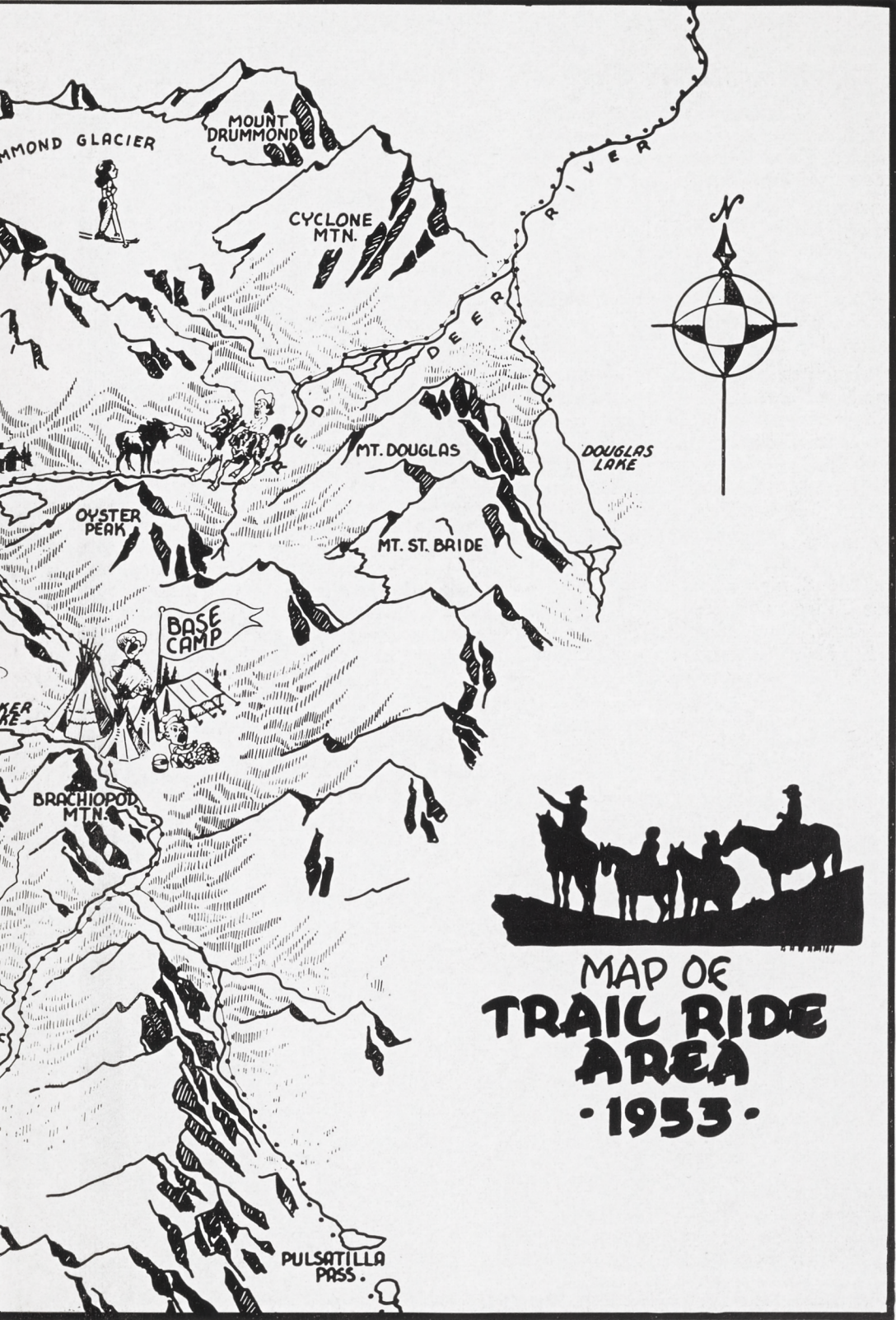
The Ranger chuckled "I've got news for you, I reckon, they've got a new blood brother."

Next week the secretary of the Trail Riders received the following letter:

Dear Sir: Owing to circumstances over which my wife had no control, she will be unable to take part in the forthcoming Trail Ride. Signed:

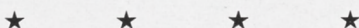
Lucius J. P. Quigleberry





MAP OF
TRAIL RIDE
AREA
- 1953 -

Sad Anniversary For Our Members



DONNA SABIN GWYNN REMEMBERED ON RIDE

THOUGH mid-July was the occasion for the fun and merriment associated with the Trail Ride, it was for many of this year's cavalcade a sad anniversary.

Donna Sabin Gwynn, who passed away at Rochester, Minn., in mid-July of the previous year, was not a veteran member of the association. She had, however, during her brief affiliation with the group, displayed sufficient charm, enthusiasm and general good fellowship to endear her to every one.

The daughter of Frank E. Sabin, of Eureka, Mont., who on two occasions has taken over the office of president in the absence of the regular incumbent, Donna inherited much of her father's love of the mountain trails, a keen affection for horses and skill in their handling.

Born in St. Paul, Minn., on May 12, 1917, Donna attended grade school in Eureka, Mont., high school at Holy Names, Spokane College, and finally the University of Minnesota. On January 1, 1940, she was married to Kenneth Gwynn. Four children, three girls and a boy, survive.



"DONNA"

Though classified in our membership lists in the "100 Miles and Upwards" category, Donna covered many times that distance on the trails of her home state. Having owned and loved horses from the time she was four years of age, she was at much at home in the saddle as many a veteran cowboy.

During her years in the mountains, She developed a passionate love of the outdoors and was never happier than when riding the trails, assisting with the camp chores, or seeing the day out around a camp-fire.

(Continued on page 21)



Their bases shrouded in cloud, the Three Sisters thrust their heads into the skies above Canmore, Alta. This effective photo was taken from the observation car of a Canadian Pacific train by Margaret Gibson, of Chicago, Ill.



The late Dr. John Murray Gibbon with Miss Eunice Grobe, of Milwaukee, Wis., photographed at our Johnson Creek camp in 1951.

(Continued from page 20)

"The mountains, trails and life in the open—these were Donna's. She was a top hand in cook-tent or corral." This little tribute by her father summed it up nicely. Donna was a "regular fellow" in every respect and never too busy to lend a helping hand with the horses or camp chores which she handled with smiling efficiency.

It was also said that "animals and birds were her special friends—she loved them all and they loved her." To those who knew Donna this was only to be expected. Her affection for the wild creatures was the natural product of a warm and sympathetic nature which invariably made the friendships mutual.

Of the empty saddles in the old corral this summer, Donna's was not forgotten by her colleagues of the trail. Her father's great loss was shared by us all.

● TWO NAMES have been added to our Life Membership list since the beginning of the year. They are Mrs. R. C. Riley, of Calgary, and Frank E. Sabin, of Eureka, Mont.

A member of the council for several years, Mrs. Riley is one of our most enthusiastic members. Her daughter, Pat, is another trail riding enthusiast with a 500-mile gold button to her credit.

As for Mr. Sabin, he has just completed a highly successful year as our acting president. You can read more about him on page 3.

Next Bulletin Devoted To This Year's Rides

Don't look now, but there's another Bulletin just around the corner.

The new issue, to be devoted largely to the 1953 rides, will contain a generous assortment of photos depicting fun and frolic on the Baker Lake trails with plenty of candid shots in camp.

Several articles and news items based on the rides will also grace the new issue.

You're bound to find yourself in some of the scenes—doing your stuff at the nightly sing-songs, going into your act on Stunt Nite, standing with outstretched plate in the cook-tent lineup, or perched in the saddle of your favorite cayuse.

The pictorial spread will also feature a number of "superscenics"—panoramic shots of the scenic highlights of our trip. Thanks to the abundance of sunshine this year, the "pix" are better than ever. And what's more you are free to order as many as you wish from Fred L. Laidlaw, of Vancouver, B.C., who presided at the camera shutter.

There will be additional information on plans for our next year's rides as well, with a few scenes to illustrate. And, thanks to outside contributions, we'll have a few personal items describing the whereabouts and activities of our fellow members during off-trail days. We think you'll like the next issue—particularly if you were a member of this year's cavalcade.

TRAIL RIDER'S PAL



Unsung hero of every trail ride—the faithful, sure-footed cayuse who takes us safely over the trails. This informal glimpse of "Old Paint" foraging amid the alpine flowers was made by Ray Halin, whose pictorial record of a previous ride appears on page 16.

WHAT BIRD IS THAT?

Songsters of the Upland Trails

by NINA LeBOUTILLIER



THOSE OF US who like to amble, leisurely along alpine trails, through the cool green woods and across the flower-strewn meadows have experienced the deep feeling of satisfaction to be derived from this "touch of nature that makes the world akin."

And nowhere in the world can this "nature and beauty" combination be found to a more striking degree than in the Banff-Lake Louise area of the Canadian Rockies where Trail Riders hold their annual trips to the skyline.

Of particular interest to the nature lover are the numerous varieties of bird-life to be found in this alpine wonderland. In early morn or evening twilight, the rich mellow notes of the feathered inhabitants

● *High above timberline in the Canadian Rockies, Nature's own songsters conduct a symphony of matchless beauty from early dawn to the last hours of twilight . . . Study of bird life in the upland meadows is a fascinating hobby for trail riders during latter part of July when the summer symphony is at its best.*

who find shelter in the pines, bushes and thickets, delight the ear at every step.

The study of bird life is varied and interesting . . . especially in these high altitudes above timberline. Some birds are extremely timid while others adopt a more sociable attitude. They might also likened to goodwill ambassadors . . . Do they not bring along their happy "notes" to countries to the south during the winter months and return to Canada each summer, free as the wind?

A versatile songster is the Canada Jay, more familiarly known as the "whiskey-Jack". He is also one of the cheekiest of birds. He shows no fear of man and is a regular visitor at our trail ride camps, always ready to make friends and carry off all sorts of things, both edible and otherwise.

The guides have a legend to the effect that its nest has never been found. This is doubtful but it is true that the nest is seldom discovered. The reason is that few of us are in the right place at the right time to discover it. It is an early builder and the site is usually a snow-trimmed spruce.

Thus, when trail riders arrive in July, the little whiskey-jacks are old enough to wander through the forest independently in search of food, and they no longer need the shelter of a nest.

Surprisingly clear are the flute-like notes of the song of the ruby-crowned kinglet. Its loud warble is extraordinarily distinct for such a small bird and is one of the sweetest of the native birds. The usual habitat is a coniferous pine tree.

As one wanders along the springy tundra looking for new interests with each step, probably there will flutter almost beneath our pony's hoof a ptarmigan, a grouse-like bird of a mottled grey-brown color, its summer plumage. With the onset of winter, the bird changes its garb for pure snow-white feathers. This superb protective coloration both in summer and winter, and the bird's instinct to move slowly, reduces danger of its falling prey to its enemies.

Bob-White prefers ground

The bob-white, or quail, as it is sometimes called, is another bird which finds shelter under thickets and bushes. Most of its life is spent on the ground and its nest is usually in the woods under a log, or a hollowed cavity. Its plumage is chestnut varied with grey and black. The throat is white, margined all around with a blackish tint. There is a white line from the forehead over the eye and down the sides of the neck.

An interesting bit of information on Rocky Mountain bird-lore was recently told by a rancher and guide, called "Shep", who relates the following yarn:—

"For many years I have lived in these regions. It was only recently, however, that I discovered a bird whose song moved me so deeply that at first, I was not even certain that it was a bird."

He thought he knew all the bird songs in his part of the foothills, but this one was different from anything he had ever heard before. It was so ethereal, indefinable, so elusive and sourceless, that Shep was completely mystified. Had the Chinook wind blown a rare species from some far-off land and deposited it near his humble ranch home?

Strange indeed was his mood as he listened to the unfamiliar songster that seemed to make two separate sounds; first a series of buzzing noises that seemed to come from

some thick shrubbery, and then from a higher altitude, a prolonged twittering, bubbling and dipping melody. There was not sufficient light to see any bird at the time. For several evenings the song-sounds were repeated just around twilight time and though he searched carefully he could not locate the singer that was making them.

The following week, however, while working late, Shep heard the mysterious song again floating across the meadows. This time it sounded richer and a bit nearer, as if the singer had decided to be less shy. Then, to his delight, he managed to glimpse the dim forms of two birds, dipping and circling above in a spiral course in the last rays of twilight. Shep continues as follows:

"So then the mystery was half solved. It was a bird, but what kind of a bird? And why had its lovely lyric not been celebrated by the poets? Was I the only one to be favored by these fountains of songs? I asked older settlers if they could name the bird for me, but my best description meant nothing to them.

A few days later when Shep had almost exhausted the index of a book in the Calgary

public library, he finally found reference to the bird, which was not listed as a song-bird at all. It was a *woodcock*, or "big-eyes" as it is sometimes called — a bird that sits quietly in a shadowy retreat during the day and forages for its food at night.

Having solved the mystery of its identity, Shep is still mystified as to why this bird has not gained more fame as a songster even though it sings with guarded secrecy only during the mating season.

Shep insists that the woodcock sings so beautifully that every bird lover should make an effort to hear it. Its typical nesting-ground is a remote meadow.

As mentioned before, it is during the mating season that the male bird performs its peculiar lyric and whistling-song in the evening. When he completes the first tune, he generally settles in the grass or bushes to rest a moment before the next prelude.

This sound resembles a "peenk, peenk," then up again he soars, and, like an aerial fountain of notes, informs the sky, the earth, the Springtime and his listening mate, how exquisite it is to be "A Creature of Flight and Song" !



Trail Riders plod leisurely over an alpine meadow in the Simpson Pass country near Twin Cairn. This beautiful region in the timberline country south of Banff, has long been a favorite among trail riders and hikers. Note the larches in foreground.

DAY-DREAMING BY PHARAOH LAKE



It's anybody's guess as to what June Lavereau was thinking about when she was snapped by the candid camera on the shores of Pharaoh Lake. Chances are, however, that it had to do with the nightly sing-song at which June has presided as mistress of ceremonies during the past two years.

To "emcee" the camp sing-songs is a job calling for highly-specialized talents. This has been found out by several well-meaning members (including the writer) who have attempted to fill the role since the passing of our beloved Jean Stewart.

Until the rides of 1952 the role was still waiting for the right incumbent. It was then that June Lavereau appeared on the campfire scene and became a success overnight. And during this year's rides she acquitted herself admirably from "Trail Time in the Rockies" to biscuits and hot chocolate.

It has been remarked that June possesses many of the characteristics of our late M.C.—even to looks, personality and baton technique. We also believe she has a distinctive style that has already made her a campfire favorite. The council agreed when they voted that June take over permanently as M.C. for the association.

IF YOU TOOK PICTURES:

Here's Just the Thing for Your Mantelpiece



SEE that gleaming trophy at right? Pretty, isn't it.

If you've been with us for a while you'll have no trouble in identifying the two-foot stand of gleaming silver and ebony as the Townsend Trophy, awarded each year for what the judges consider the "Pic of the Ride".

And you'll also know that—if you're any kind of photographer—the Trophy can be yours. That is, provided you were on this year's ride and have a photo or two to show for it. And don't let modesty prevent you from sending in an entry. A snap taken with a time-honored box type camera by the greenest amateur may win the judges' final nod!

Here's what you get, plus that inescapable feeling of pride, when you learn you're the big "Winnah". First and foremost, there is a handsome silver miniature of the trophy, whose gleaming sides carry your own name, the Association's name, and the date of your victory.

Secondly, the big trophy is removed from its show-case, dusted off, and sent to the engravers who waste no time in adding your name in big silver capitals to the list of previous winners which date from 1929. The trophy is then returned to its permanent quarters in Banff.

Thirdly you receive a matte-finished mounted enlargement of the winning photo as a further memento of the way you "clicked" on the ride. And just to let fellow members in on it, we reprint the winning photo in the Bulletin with captions telling them all about it.

You will also have the opportunity of cradling the trophy lovingly in your arms... that is, provided you are at the grand pow-wow next summer on the grounds of Banff Springs Hotel where the cup is formally presented. If not, someone else will accept the trophy on your behalf.

It wouldn't be a contest, of course, unless there were a few simple rules to go with it, so here they are:

Photos must be printed in black and white glossy finish (no color prints, please)



Townsend Trophy

preferably in sizes ranging from 5" x 7" to 8" x 10". Send one entry or as many as you like. Only photos taken on the 1953 rides can be accepted.

Each photo should have a nom-de-plume printed on reverse side along with date submitted. A slip of paper containing same nom-de-plume, plus sender's bona fide name and address, should be enclosed in sealed envelope and sent along with entries. This will protect candidate's anonymity till after judges pronounce the verdict.

It should also be indicated whether sender wishes entries returned. If so, wishes will be carried out accordingly.

Entries will be judged by a panel of three judges, and the winners notified as quickly as possible. None of the judges is a member of the Trail Riders association—at least not at the time of judging.

We suggest that you select your entries right now and send them to the secretary-treasurer and editor. Entries can be accepted until February 1st. These will be acknowledged by return mail.



• The reason there were fewer wrecks in the horse and buggy days was that the driver didn't depend entirely on his own intelligence.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy snoozes;
No nag since nineteen twenty-three
Has been to him for shoes.

DONORS ARE LISTED

Bronze Plaque Made For Gibbon Memorial

★ ★ ★

ADDITIONAL contributions during the past summer have brought the John Murray Gibbon Memorial Fund to within \$100.00 of its objective of \$350.00.

At press time, a total of \$251.00 had been subscribed toward the bronze plaque, designed by Chas. A. Beil, noted Banff sculptor, to commemorate our late founder who passed away last summer after 30 years of service to the Trail Riders association.

The bronze plaque, already completed by Mr. Beil, is to be placed on a pedestal of rock from a neighboring mountain, in the Banff cemetery where Dr. Gibbon's ashes were buried in July, 1952, at an impressive committal service.

Both Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers have responded to the appeal with donations ranging from \$1.00 to \$25.00. It is hoped that others, who have not done so, will help put the fund over the top before the year's end. Donations should be sent to the secretary-treasurer, who will acknowledge with receipt.

Many friends 'respond'

Those contributing to date are as follows:

Mrs. P. A. Moore, Banff, Alta.; Dr. H. W. Price, Calgary; Alta.; Mrs. E. P. Lamar, Calgary; C. M. Smith, Vancouver, B.C.; Graham Nichols, Montreal, Que.; D. Leo Dolan, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. Mary Sieburth, Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, Vancouver; H. E. Sampson, Regina, Sask.; W. E. Edwards, Washington, D.C.; E. M. Kaufman, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss P. E. MacKellar, Montreal; Mrs. Mary Weekes, Regina; Dr. A. Somerville, Edmonton, Alta.; Mrs. Harry Dooley, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Barbara Brewster, Banff, Alta.; Frank E. Sabin, Eureka, Mont.; Franklyn E. Fitch, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. S. R. Vallance, Banff; Mrs. W. A. Fuerst, Cincinnati, O.

Miss Nina LeBoutillier, Montreal; Dr. Dorothy I. Muirhead, Hastings, Minn.; Miss Marcella Moodie, Vancouver; Miss Connie Swartz, Vancouver; Miss Mamie McCowan, Brandon, Man.; Lou W. Shulman, Calgary; H. C. Watkins, Calgary; Miss M. P. Hendrie, Calgary; F. H. W. Chanter, Nelson, B.C.; Ian C. Somerville, Willow Grove, Pa.; Miss Eunice A. Grobe, Milwaukee, Wis., Trail Hikers Association.



A refreshing pause at the trail ride coffee bar. Ann Crump receives cupful from careful companion to start day right. Trail Riders missed Ann and colleague Dorothy Hayward at this year's camp.

CRESTS BECOME REALITY

If you like wearing something on your sleeve—apart from your heart—just keep on reading and you may get some ideas.

The "something" we have in mind is a circular felt crest bearing the Trail Riders emblem. Just picture your ordinary Trail Riders button enlarged to four inches in diameter, colored just as vividly, and you'll see what we mean.

The secretary-treasurer has already invited "tenders" for this work and several interesting samples have been submitted. The one most likely to make good has been submitted by an Edmonton firm which has already done a splendid job on felt patches for our hiking brethren.

The crests, when completed, will sell for \$3.50 each—only a small percentage above cost, the proceeds for all sales to be added to our maintenance fund.

It is expected that the new crests will be available early in 1954. Meanwhile, we'll keep you informed as to how things are progressing.

HORSE SENSE

A horse may run with all its might,
With all its might and mane,
But still it ain't got sense enough
To come out of the rein.

Pre-Ride "Social" To Be Annual Event

★ ★ ★

RESOLVED—That the get-together held this year on the eve of the six-day ride be made an annual feature of each of the rides."

Those of us who attended the event at Banff's Masonic Hall, July 23rd, were not surprised to learn that this resolution was passed at our annual meeting without a dissenting voice. The get-together was, as one member put it, "something we have been in need of for a long, long time."

As an icebreaker it did a better job than the "N.B. McLean". By the time the show ended, most riders were calling their future comrades-in-the-saddle by their first names. And this made it much easier for newcomers the following morning when the command "Everybody Up!" was sounded at the start of the ride.

Main attraction of the two-hour event was the showing of two films by Bill Round, of Edmonton. One of these, "Skyline Trails", told the story in sound and in color of the previous trail ride. As a result the newcomers were given an impressive picture of the fun about to be experienced.

The other of the two films, shown through the courtesy of the Film and Photographic Branch, Department of Economic Affairs,

More from McCowan

Many trail riders had the opportunity this summer of shaking hands with a longtime friend and ardent champion of both the Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers. We refer to Dan McCowan, formerly of Banff, and now of Cloverdale, B.C., whose informative articles on Rocky Mountain wild life have been delighting our readers for many years.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. McCowan is preparing additional articles for subsequent issues of this magazine and "Skyline Trail"—word that should be welcomed by the many who consider Dan's articles as the equivalent to a short course in nature study.

Province of Alberta, was "Gift of the Glaciers" which illustrated another striking aspect of the Rockies.

Miss Ethel (Tillie) Knight, of Banff, presided at the event which featured the singing of various trail songs and the introduction of officers.

Trail riders file out of camp enroute to new scenic wonders. Note tepees nestled among the evergreens. ➡



MINUTES OF ANNUAL MEETING

New Housing Units for Tepee Town



A TEPEE replacement program—to include five new units each year—was approved at our annual meeting July 29th on the athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel.

It was moved by Dr. Harold W. Price and seconded by Miss Elizabeth G. Smith that five new tepees be purchased out of association funds each year and that their size be increased to accommodate three or four persons with comfort.

It was noted that the five new units purchased this year fell slightly short of this capacity.

The meeting opened with the reading of the minutes of last year's meeting by the secretary-treasurer, in the presence of 19 members of the executive, council, committee members past presidents, and honorary members. Motion that these be adopted as read was made by Frank E. Sabin and seconded by Miss Ethel Knight.

A hearty vote of thanks was moved on behalf of Frank E. Sabin who assumed the role of president on both the five-day and six-day rides in the absence of Dr. Vanek. It was moved by Marshall Diverty and seconded by Mrs. R. C. Riley that Mr. Sabin be listed as official president for the year 1953 in all future references.

Our late mistress of ceremonies, Miss Jean Stewart, was further eulogized for her excellent work on the association's behalf. It was generally agreed that her name should be perpetuated in some manner within the association's framework.

Most tangible suggestion came from Miss Smith who suggested that a hospital room be contributed by the trail riders as a memorial to Miss Stewart. It was moved by Claude B. Brewster and seconded by Dr. Price that Miss Smith investigate the matter.

A suggestion that Miss June H. Lavereau be appointed Miss Stewart's successor as M.C. was unanimously approved.

The popularity of our official trail physician, Dr. Harold W. Price, was indicated by the unanimous voice of protest that greeted his declaration that he wished to "abdicate." In the face of this surging tide of opposition, Harold stood little chance of convincing the council he was not indispensable.

It was moved that the get-together on the eve of this year's second ride be made an annual event for both camps. Such a step would go along way to making newcomers feel more at home when they set out on the trail, it was emphasized. This motion received full support and will become a regular feature as of next summer.

Suggestions for next year's campsite were also given discussion, with both Mount Assiniboine and Wolverine Plateau winning support. An inspection tour of the former is to be made this Fall by the outfitter.

It was moved that a vote of thanks be extended to several groups contributing to the success of the '53 rides. These included the Canadian Pacific Railway, the management of Banff Springs Hotel, to the accordionists who supplied accompaniment for the nightly singsongs, to Bud Brewster, the outfitter, and to the kitchen staff, headed by Ruth Jeske, who "doubled" on the guitar.

Marshall Diverty wished that the minutes include this simple tribute to the cook staff
QUOTE The food was terrific UNQUOTE
There were no dissenters.

A motion that the meeting adjourn was made by Mr. Diverty and seconded by Miss Knight.

Those present at the meeting were: W. U. Bardwell, Bud Brewster, Claude B. Brewster, Mrs. J. I. Brewster, Mrs. Harry Dooley, Marshall H. Diverty, Mrs. W. A. Fuerst, Miss Ethel Knight, Mrs. P. A. Moore, Jack McIver, Ches S. McNair, Graham Nichols, Dr. Harold W. Price, Miss Helen Ramsay, Mrs. R. C. Riley, Frank E. Sabin, Miss Elizabeth G. Smith, Mrs. Gertrude Tees, Miss Ruth Woolley.

Films and Photos Set Pace for Socials

★ ★ ★

STATISTICS prove it — Trail Riders are getting more camera-conscious each year, with the '53 season appearing to have hit some new kind of record. The lens-and-shutter addicts were out in full force when we rode the Baker Lake Trail, the ratio of cameras to saddles coming close to breaking even.

The trend in this direction should come as no surprise to those who have experienced the scenic wonders of the Rocky trails from the vantage point of a western saddle, the carefree hours in camp, and who have made new and lasting friendships during the all-too-brief duration of the annual rides.

It is one thing to experience these delights — while they last — and another to be able to rekindle fond memories of the trail via the happy expedient of the snapshot album or movie screen. We believe it is the latter impulse that is bringing the shutter-bugs out in ever increasing numbers.

This same yen to keep the golden memories aglow has brought about an interesting development in the Trail Rider's social life. Photo exchange clubs and Trail Rider "socials" have spring up in a number of points, particularly those where Trail Rider membership is heavy.

These, according to reports received from the secretary-treasurer, have proven immensely popular and do much to keep our membership intact during the off-season period. The "feature attraction" at the average social may range from the perusing and exchanging of black and white stills to the screening of kodachrome slides and trail ride movies. Guests who like a long ride on the memory train at times get their wish when scenes of early rides are brought to light.

The get-togethers also provide us with a valuable means of increasing our membership. Many an outsider invited to a Trail Riders social has resolved right there and then to attend the next camp — and in most cases lives up to the resolution! The glamorous sequence of photos, combined with the enthusiastic comments of newcomers and vets, does the trick every time!

● The true value of horse sense is clearly shown by the fact that the horse was afraid of the automobile during the period when pedestrians were laughing at it.

It's Nice to Know We're Not Forgotten

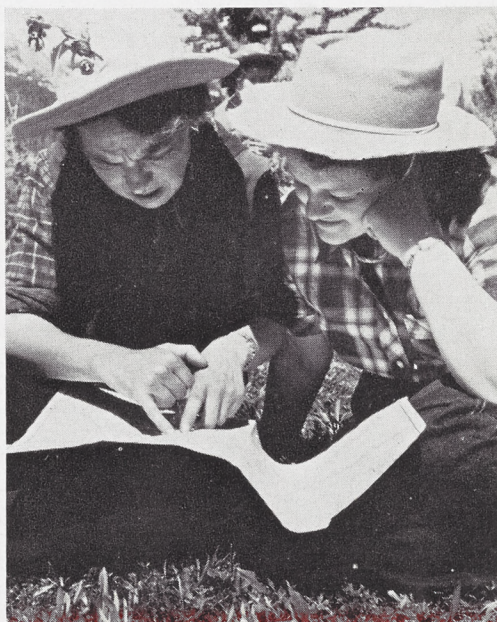
"I'm burning with curiosity," says Keith E. Hoffmeyer, of Indianapolis, Ind., with regard to this year's trail rides. At the time of writing friend Keith had received no word of the "fairweather" camps of '53 and wants a pen pal or two to put him wise.

"However," continues Keith, "I've been so busy this year that I've neglected the Trail Riders and consequently they've been neglecting me."

Keith and wife Nora have done a bit of local globe-trotting since we last saw him in Banff. This year they spent 10 days in Tennessee's Smoky Mountains and North Carolina, then proceeded to Northern Michigan for a cool week on the Great Lakes.

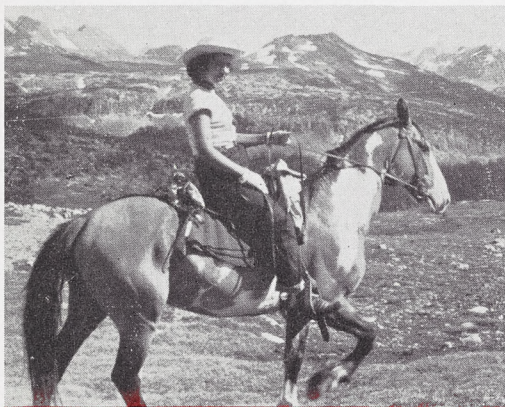
Their son Kenneth is quite a boy now. At age 2½ years, he stands 39 inches tall and tips the scales at 37 lbs. As we said in Bulletin No. 92 (Page 11), there's an application form made out in Ken's favor when he feels ready to handle a mountain cayuse.

YOU FIGURE IT OUT!



Where do we go from here? This would seem to be the burning question for these two trail riders deeply engrossed in the study of a trail map. Somehow those little dots marking the trails look different when compared to the real thing. And the same goes for mountain contours. But most of the time we find the way.

EMCEE IN THE SADDLE



Our acting mistress of ceremonies, June Lavereau, handled bridle and baton with equal skill. Here she is leading her favorite mount into action as the ride prepares to take off. Photo was taken by Mary Lore of Calgary, winner of this year's Townsend Trophy.

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 9)

tradition of blueblood horseflesh, ought to demean his horse-raisin' and horse racin' ancestors to ride an outlaw horse, as I understand those Rocky Mountain cayuses are taken straight from the ranges — even for the sake of his Memoirs!"

"Spoken like a true southern aristocrat, General Saltpeter, suh! Far be it from me to climb aboard one of those cayuses — even if the artist A. C. Leighton, did immortalize them on canvas — and insult the dignity and pride of the Deep South where men evaluate horseflesh. Suh, that's what I'm a-gettin' at in settin' down my memoirs! The tribe of dude riders that inhabit those mighty Rocky Mountains for 5 to 10 days set my imagination alight and inspired my present literary project.

"A mighty queer lot — those dudes, a-comin' from far and near, even from 14 of our own respected States of the Union. No, General Saltpeter, I set me down alongside the cook tent that's an offspring, in a way of speakin', of the mess waggon and the sour-dough keg where the cookee was a-mixin' biscuits they call "hot rocks" to be served to those mountain dudes a-spread with "Charlie Taylor" (bacon grease and larrupy syrup) when they alighted from winded horses along sundown. It's a mighty queer jargon that's tossed around those Mountain cook tents, suh! But as I was a-sayin' . . .

"Har-u-m-p! Then you weren't a-ridin' your self down the 'windin' wooded vale' you mentioned."

"Jest literary license, General Saltpeter, suh! It was easier on my, er, ahem, constitution to sit and inhale the scent of pine and balsam mixed with the freshening mountain ozone and the odor of baking "hot rocks" than ridin'. Yes, suh! I sat and watched those mighty fetchin' gals flip into their saddles, kick the flanks of their outlaw steeds, rein them to rear on their hind legs to perform a minuet and a two-step around the Big Doughnut (main tent) and then go a-flyin' up those steep and ancient peaks that's been defyin' and a-darin' men to conquer ever since the wild Assiniboines left them to their rocky fate. Yes, suh! the hooves of those Rocky Mountain cayuses clove the faces of those stupendous walls of rock, going up and up until they lost themselves and their be-panted ridin' gals thousands of feet in the magnificent heavens — yes, suh, far beyond the sight of human eye."

"Har-u-m-p!" General Saltpeter opened his snuff-box.

"Lawdy, Colonel Pepperpot, suh, you ain't told me 'bout them caperin's. Is them ridin' gals the wenches you-a took pictures of to display in your memorials?"



Freelancer Doug Sinclair of New York and Toronto stopped grinding out film long enough to be "stilled" by a friend. Doug is an ardent booster of Trail Rides and all things western, having filmed numerous subjects dear to our hearts for the silver screen.

"As I was a-sayin, General, when that pestiferous boy that is impervious to the deportment I try to instill into him . . ."

"Your adventures arouse my curiosity, Colonel Pepperpot, but the conduct of those be-panted females — inhabitants of our great United States — sounds mighty unbecomin' to true ladies."

"Jest so, suh! I'm a-writin' in my memoirs how those be-panted dude gals spurred their cayuses over the Palliser and Assiniboine passes whose peaks rear into the distant heavens and into the Marble Canyon and Death Valley. It was a sight for the eyes of a southern gentleman, suh, to see those 1,800 flyin' nymphs attack the unknown heights where porcupines and panthers and such ferocious beasts meet the eye and which I intend to expose in my Memoirs!"

"Go way debil, Go way debil, Go way. . . " chanted Toleration.

"Desist your screechin', you scamp!" roared Colonel Pepperpot.

"Yes, suh, Colonel. I'se only puttin' a peacifin' spell on Hibiscus to scare the debil spirits out his wicked hide. Go way, debil, Go way, Colonel's writin' his memorals . . ."

"Colonel Pepperpot, your experiences in the Canadian Rockies are astounding, suh. They are spell-binding, and I wish you hearty success in setting down your memoirs."



As outfitter for the '53 rides, Bud Brewster came through with flying colors! Taking over the important role from his father, Claude B. Brewster, was a task of no mean proportions. Many were the orchids tossed in Bud's direction following the ride.

OUTSIDE THE "SUNSET"



Outside the Sunset Teepee, this trail riding trio seems oblivious to the photographer's intrusion. LaVera Fuerst, of Cincinnati, extreme right, added considerably to her mileage record this summer. Not only did she participate in the six-day ride but joined another trail riding safari shortly after and this despite an injured vertebrae.

"Skyliners" Set Dates For Five-Day Hike

Our brethren of the boot and alpenstock are also looking ahead.

Though their '54 camp—like our own—is as yet a faint spot of green on the faraway horizon, the Skyline Hikers have already set the dates for next year's five-day camp and are in the process of deciding their campsite and itinerary.

Inasmuch as many trail riders also wear the hikers' badge, and as some, no doubt, will be attending next year's hike as well as the ride, we feel that this information should be passed along to our members. So here it is:

Dates for the annual hike—the Skyliners' 22nd annual sortie—have been set for Saturday, July 31st through Wednesday, August 4th. Suggestions for the campsite have ranged from Mount Assiniboine to Wolverine Plateau, with Lake O'Hara also in the running.

Rates for the '54 "Bunion Derby" remain unchanged at \$35.00 for the five days. This fee includes tepee accommodation, meals, gratuities and transportation of duffle from Banff to camp and return.

Those requesting additional information are requested to write the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Room No. 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., Canada.



One more river to cross—or maybe there are more ahead. This method of transport provides the horses with handy means of cooling their feet—and sometimes those of the riders as well.

● Since next issue will place the accent on this year's rides, we're on the alert for any personal items, or other material, concerning members of the Baker Lake cavalcades.

Perhaps you have already attended a trail riders get-together, exchanged a few photos, or heard news concerning a member or members that would be of interest to others.

Any such material will be welcomed by the editor, not to mention a large number of readers. It is not necessary to write the matter up. Just send the facts and the editor will do the rest. Thanks!

→
Their faces reflecting the campfire's mellow glow, trail riders sing an old camp refrain as June Lavereau marks the tempo. Clarence Richards is providing close harmony on the keys of his trusty accordion.



'53 Trail Riders Selected for First Cinema Scope Short

★ ★ ★

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies received a nice pat on the back this summer from the bigtime moviemakers!

The two 1953 camps were selected by Fox-Movietone as subjects of that company's first "short" to be screened through the new wide-vision CinemaScope process.

Manning the substantial camera equipment and giving the camp a real touch of Hollywood, were veteran cameraman Jack Painter and Dick Kuhne, both of New York, who ground out a total of some 1,500 feet of celluloid with the Trail Riders as the feature attraction.

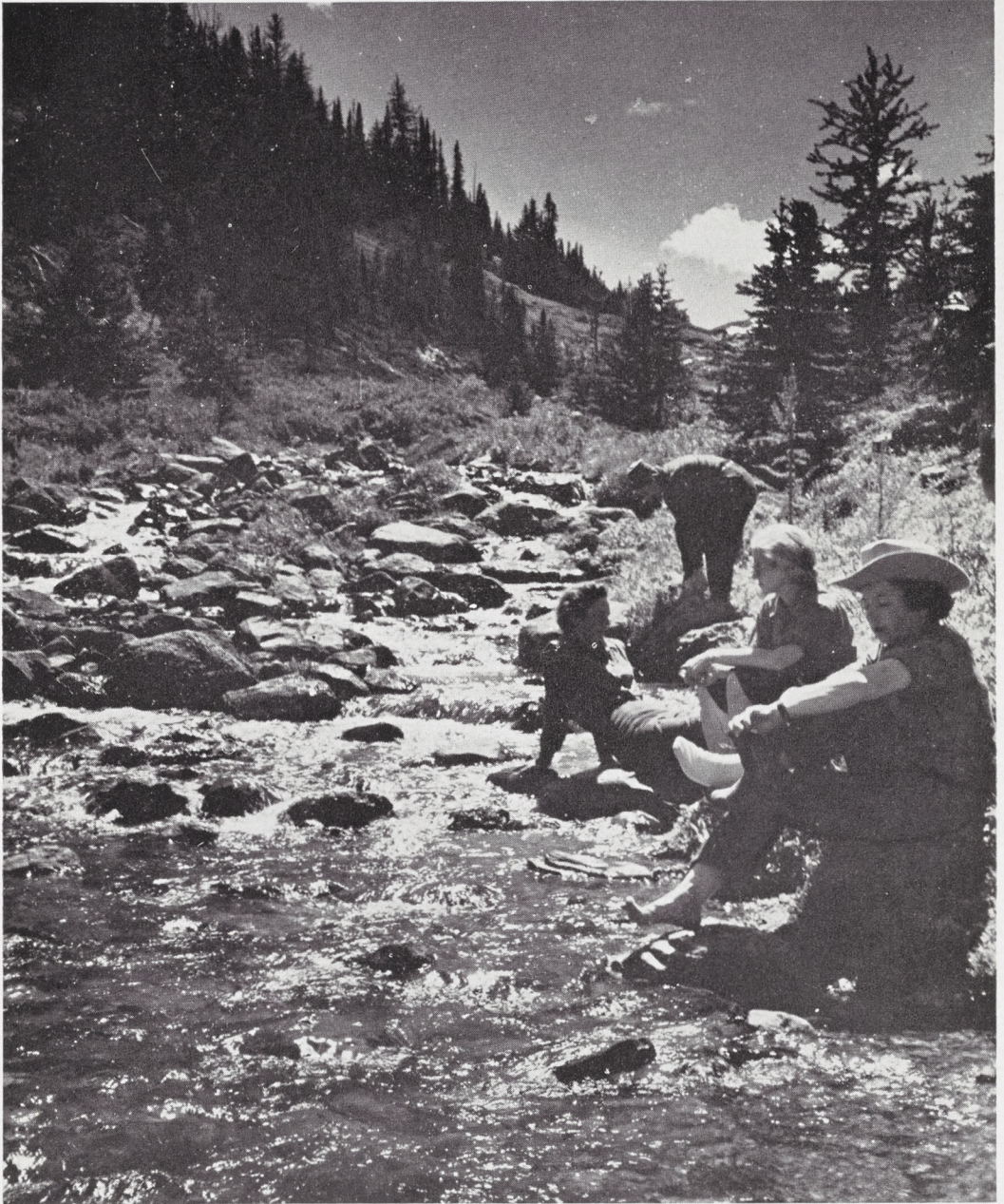
The film, it was proudly announced by Mr. Painter, who last visited Banff in 1930, was to be shown with the first CinemaScope feature presentation, "The Robe" this Fall at the Roxy Theatre in New York. The finished Trail Ride product was expected to comprise some 700 feet of edited film.

Though we have had many feature write-ups in prominent magazines and newspapers, this is our initial debut as far as the silver screen is concerned. The fact that it is a "first" in the realm of 3-D will give the association a further and highly valuable publicity boost.

She: You brute! How dare you strike a poor defenceless woman?

He: Okay, dear; Let me up and I'll apologize!

Trail Riders Relax By Lost Horse Creek



● On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Lost Horse Creek, somewhere in the Rockies, weary trail riders cool their feet and relax after a lengthy spell in the saddle. If the creek lives up to its name all four are in for an impromptu hike. However, our guess is that the nags are munching somewhere beyond the range of the camera's eye.

For those yet unfamiliar with the wonders of the trail, the creek is typical of many encountered on a day's march. As a rule their depth increases as the day wears on, the sun converting snow and ice on upper levels into fast-flowing tributaries. Frequently a horse takes its rider across a stream in the early morning without wetting his (the rider's) feet. By nightfall the story can be somewhat different.

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '53 •

Second Ride:

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 BARDWELL, W. U., 655 Grove Ave., Barrington, Ill.
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 BAXTER, Miss Dorothy, 82 Prince Edward Ave., Valois, Montreal 33, Que.
 BRISCOE, Miss K. Elizabeth, Springhill, Marldon Rd., Paignton, So. Devon, England.
 BRISCOE, Miss Susan M., Springhill, Marldon Rd., Paignton, So. Devon, England.
 BUSBY, Miss Patricia, 211 Hartford Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg, Man.
 CARUS, Edward H., Twin Oaks Rd., Peru, Ill.
 CARUS, Mrs. Edward H., Twin Oaks Rd., Peru, Ill.
 CASTRUCCI, Miss Sylvia, 206 Glenview Blvd. S., Toronto, Ont.
 CAVANAUGH, John L., 59A Claxton Blvd., Toronto, Ont.
 DIVERTY, Marshall H., 22 Euclid St., Woodbury, N.J.
 DORAN, Miss Phyllis R., 23 Keewatin Apts., Saskatoon, Sask.
 FUERST, Mrs. W. A. 5449 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 HAINES, Miss Linda, 111 Golden Gate Ave., Belvedere, Cal.
 HART, Miss Suzanne M., 3894 West 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 KUHNE, Dick, Movietone Short Subjects, 460 West 54th St., New York 19, N.Y.
 LAIDLAW, Fred L., 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 LAIDLAW, Miss Lois, 2414 East 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 LAVEREAU, Miss June H., 71 Meadowbank Rd., Islington, Toronto 18, Ont.
 MAYNE, Miss T. Gwen, 939 — 19th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 MUIRHEAD, Dr. Dorothy I., Hastings, Minn.
 McBROOM, Miss Elizabeth, 1141 South Bronson Ave., Los Angeles 19, Cal.
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 McNAIR, Miss Diana, P.O. Box No. 1765, Great Falls, Mont.
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 PRICE, Dr. Harold W., 2917 — 10th St. W., Calgary, Alta.
 PRICE, Miss Jennifer, 2917 — 10th St. W., Calgary, Alta.
 PRICE, Miss Mary, 2917 — 10th St. W., Calgary, Alta.
 RAMSAY, Miss Helen, 11004 — 100th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 RICHARDS, Clarence A., 302 — 39th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 RICHARDSON, Pierce, R. F. D. No. 1, Barrington, Ill.
 RICHARDSON, Mrs. Pierce, R. F. D. No. 1, Barrington, Ill.
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 RICHARDSON, Walter, R. F. D. No. 1, Barrington, Ill.
 ROBINSON, Mrs. Berniece, 211 — 39th Ave. S. W., Calgary, Alta.
 ROUND, F. W. E. (Bill), Film & Photographic Branch, Dept. of Economic Affairs, Province of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
 RUSSELL, Miss Marilyn D., P.O. Box No. 885, Ponoka, Alta.
 SABIN, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
 SMALE, Miss Donna J., 137 Handsart Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg, Man.
 SMITH, C. M. (Jock), 2368 Bellevue, West Vancouver, B.C.
 SOOY, Mrs. Hazel, 19 North Plaza, Atlantic City, N.J.
 THOMSON, Miss Elaine M., 131 Handsart Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg, Man.
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 WOOLLEY, Miss Ruth, 38 Curtis Ave., Woodbury, N.J.
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McCorkle, Miss Alvina, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Merrill, Miss Ella P., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mitchell, G. B., Rutherford, N.J.
Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.
Nicolls, Frederick W. Jr., Reading, Pa.
Noble, William M., Banff, Alta.
Palenske, R. H., Woodstock, Ill.

Queen of Siam, Her Majesty, London, Eng.
Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
Riley, Mrs. R. C., Calgary, Alta.
Rungius, Carl, Banff and New York
Sabin, Frank E., Eureka, Mont.
Shepard, Mrs. Graham, Fleet, Hants, Eng.
Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
Stowell, Dr. Averil, Baltimore, Md.
Vallance, Mrs. Sydney, Banff, Alta.
Vaux, George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Williams, J. F., Vancouver, B.C.
Wills, Miss Hilda P., Bristol, England
Woolnough, W. H., Montreal, Que.

● Complete membership lists will appear as usual in the next edition — with the necessary revisions. New names will be added, others deleted, and still more transferred to new mileage classifications. It will be appreciated if all members whose names are incorrectly spelled, or whose addresses are incorrectly listed, advise the editor as soon as possible after error has been discovered.



In a setting of unbelievable majesty, the castle-like Banff Springs Hotel is headquarters for trail riders before and after each year's rides. Many excellent trails fan out from the hotel's environs.

Who are the Trail Riders?

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent society of alpine enthusiasts of both sexes who each year hold two or more camps—of five and six days' duration—in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise.

What are their aims?

Principal aims of the society are to encourage horseback riding over the more remote trails of the Canadian Rockies, to encourage the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already in use, to promote good fellowship, interest in wild life, and to co-operate with other organizations holding similar aims.

How are they governed?

Established in 1923, the Trail Riders have their own constitution, executive officers, council, and various operating committees. A new slate of officers is elected annually, the office of President alternating each year between a Canadian and an American Trail Rider.

How is the camp conducted?

Trail Riders make their headquarters at a permanent camp from which a series of outstanding trails radiate. They set out each morning on new trails, lunch on the trail, and return to camp at nightfall for supper, singsong and campfire entertainment. Riders make their homes in tepees, artistically decorated by Indians of the local Stoney tribe. Sleeping bags take the place of beds.

How do I join the annual ride?

To make application for any of the annual rides simply drop a note to the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., enclosing a deposit of \$10.00, and stating which of the rides you wish to attend. The deposit is credited to total trail ride fee, the balance being payable in Banff up to the day before ride gets under way.

Cost of the five-day ride is \$70.00, and the six-day ride \$80.00. This includes horse, saddle equipment, tepee accommodation, meals, guide services, gratuities, transportation from Banff to camp and return. Bus fare between Banff and trailhead is extra, this varying with mileage.